

SOMEONE SCALPED

#35 of an Ongoing Series
Full Script, First Draft
For Will Dennis & Mark Doyle
Vertigo Comics

“Listening to the Earth Turn”

Written by
Jason Aaron

CHARACTER NOTES

Our main characters are Mance and Hazel Boaz, a Native American couple in their early sixties. Both have craggy, weathered faces. They've both endured a lot of hardship over the years, and it should show on their faces. But they're both tough as can be. They look like something out of an old western, like an old farming couple. Hazel wears simple dresses she sews herself. Mance has long black hair, streaked with gray. He wears bluejeans, flannel shirts and a straw hat, like this: http://www.flickr.com/photos/sara_photos/1009575279/, only more old and worn out.

Page One

Five Panels

1.1) Night. Mance and Hazel are struggling to walk through deep snow, wind whistling past, nothing but bare trees all around. They're both shivering cold, ice clinging to their noses, looking like they can't go much further. They're wearing coats and both are wrapped in blankets and quilts, but they're still not dressed warm enough to be walking around in this kind of weather.

1.2) Tight on them. Hazel looks like she's about to collapse. Mance has his arm around her, trying to keep her moving, but he doesn't look like he's got much left in the tank either.

HAZEL: Mance...

MANCE: Hazel, we gotta keep moving... We're almost...

1.3) Hazel collapses, pulling her husband down with her.

MANCE: Hazel!

1.4) Hazel looks like she's unconscious, lying in the snow. Mance is kneeling over her, trying to pull her to her feet.

MANCE: C'mon, we gotta get up, gotta get moving. We're almost there.

1.5) Pull back. Mance is still kneeling over his wife, trying to get her up. There's nothing around them but snow and darkness and bare trees and the hard empty landscape of the Badlands.

MANCE: We're almost home.

Page Two

Five Panels

- 2.1) Jump back in time a couple months, to the Fall. Tight on Mance's weathered hands, digging in the dirt.

CAPTION: Previously.

NARRATION (Mance): I'm a man of **simple** pleasures.

NARRATION (Mance): I like the smell of pine needles on a fire. The creak of oak floorboards. Fresh cooked hog sausage and biscuits the size of a man's fist. My wife's squash casserole.

- 2.2) Pull back. Mance is kneeling in his garden, pulling up a turnip, his hands all filthy with dirt.

NARRATION (Mance): Mostly though I like the feel of the **dirt** on my fingers.

NARRATION (Mance): The same dirt my daddy worked and was buried under. And his daddy before him.

- 2.3) Mance is getting to his feet, lifting a bucket with some turnips in it. The bucket isn't full.

NARRATION (Mance): I like tending my garden. Like the sound of the quiet.

NARRATION (Mance): Some folks say it gets so quiet out here you can hear the earth a' turning.

NARRATION (Mance): I don't know about no earth
turning, but it's quiet enough for a man
to hear himself think, and I like that.

- 2.4) Mance is walking through his little patch of garden, carrying his bucket of turnips. His garden looks pretty withered and dead. Nothing else left to pick. He's looking around at it, feeling disappointed.

NARRATION (Mance): Not everybody feels the same.
Some folks don't like to hear themselves
think. I guess maybe because they ain't
got much worth hearing.

NARRATION (Mance): Those folks would rather live
closer to the noise, closer to town.

- 2.5) From behind, we see Mance walking toward his house, carrying his bucket. It's a modest little house. Beat-up old car parked out front. A few dogs lounging here and there.

NARRATION (Mance): Back when this rez was formed,
the only Indians lived near town were
the ones that had given in, given up the
fight, sold out completely.

NARRATION (Mance): The real Indians lived out as far
from town as they could get. The further
out, the more real you were.

NARRATION (Mance): These days, some folks still say you
can tell a man's make by how far from
town he lives.

Page Three**Splash Page**

Pull way back. We see that Mance's house lies in the middle of the Badlands, nothing around it as far as the eye can see except vast rugged landscape. No roads (just some old tire tracks leading to the house). No other buildings or marks of civilization. This is late Fall so there's nothing green around. The trees are all bare. No flowers. Everything is brown.

The Badlands:

<http://faculty.eicc.edu/kjohnson/images/badlands.JPG>

<http://www.flickr.com/photos/dracs/174578779/>

<http://www.flickr.com/photos/22130059@N07/3418508606/>

NARRATION (Mance): Yeah. Maybe you can.

TITLE: LISTENING TO THE EARTH TURN

CREDITS:

Page Four

Six Panels

- 4.1) Interior of the house. A small kitchen that's impeccably neat and clean. Mance is carrying in the bucket of turnips. Hazel is working in the kitchen. She's been sealing vegetables into mason jars to preserve them. She looks up at Mance, wiping her hands on her apron. They have no electricity in this house, so there are no electric appliances in the kitchen. She cooks on a woodburning stove.

MANCE: This is the last of the turnips.

- 4.2) Mance is walking away. Hazels is looking down at the few turnips in the bucket, unsettled, worried.

NARRATION (Hazel):It ain't enough.

- 4.3) Hazel is walking slowly down the steps into her root cellar, carrying the bucket.

NARRATION (Hazel):Used to be, our garden would yield so much we'd be able to give food away to whoever needed it.

NARRATION (Hazel):But this year, between my kidney troubles and Mance breaking his ankle, we ain't been able to tend the garden like we used to.

- 4.4) She's surveying her shelves of preserves. There are a few jars here and there of green beans and chopped up tomatoes and corn and peaches, but overall the shelves seem rather bare. There's a basket of potatoes on the floor. The walls of the cellar are dirt with a few old tree roots poking out here and there.

NARRATION (Hazel): Now we ain't even got enough for ourselves. Not enough to last the winter.

4.5) Hazel sets the bucket down.

NARRATION (Hazel): It's gonna be a bad one this year, I can already feel it in my bones. I got that from my momma. She could always tell when it was fixin' to rain, just by how her teeth hurt.

NARRATION (Hazel): This is gonna be a long hard winter for us. And for the first time in 43 years...

4.6) She turns away, heading back up the stairs.

NARRATION (Hazel): I don't know if we can make it.

Page Five**Six Panels**

- 5.1) Mance and Hazel sit together at their little dinner table, holding hands, heads bowed in prayer. The only light comes from kerosene lamps:

<http://k43.pbase.com/u34/littleheifer/large/31185405.KeroseneLamp.jpg>

MANCE (small text): *Ate Wankantanka, wiconi mitawa ki el, anpetu wanji a ke mi qu, heon wo pi la eci ci ye, micante ki eciya tanhan...*

- 5.2) They sit together quietly, eating, having a very modest dinner. A little bit of vegetables, a lit bit of dried meat. A carton of buttermilk sits on the table.

- 5.3) Mance looks up toward his wife. Hazel just looks down at her plate.

MANCE: These is good beans.

HAZEL: Thanks.

NARRATION (Hazel): We ain't got enough food.

- 5.4) Mance looks back to his plate. They eat in silence.

- 5.5) Hazel looks up toward her husband. Mance just looks down at his plate.

HAZEL: We got any more of this dried buffalo meat?

MANCE: No. This is the last of it.

NARRATION (Mance): We ain't got enough food.

5.6) Hazel looks back to her plate. They eat in silence.

Page Six

Six Panels

- 6.1) Mance sits in his office, a little room of the house filled with arrowhead displays, deer antlers and snake skins displays, plus shelves of books. Mance is sitting at his desk, stuffing tobacco in a corncob pipe, staring off into space, depressed.

Snake skin display:

<http://www.maxisminis.com/Zoom/pictures/3936snake.jpg>.

Corncob pipe:

http://www.herbalcantera.net/category/Corn_Cob_Pipes/c103

NARRATION (Mance): I broke my ankle trying to patch a hole in the roof. Lucky I didn't break my damn fool neck, that's what Hazel said.

NARRATION (Mance): I let her down. I shoulda brought in the garden, same as always.

NARRATION (Mance): If I can't do that, then what the hell good am I?

- 6.2) Hazel is in the living room, making a Star Quilt. She has it spread out on four wooden stands, like this:

<http://yukostu.com/Quilting.jpg>. And she's bent over with a needle and thread, sewing.

Star Quilts:

<http://www.starquilts.com/starforsale.php>

<http://www.acahome.org/tac/iaf/quilts.htm>

NARRATION (Hazel): Folks tell me it was bad wellwater that give me the kidney problems. They say it was on account of the uranium mining they used to do around here.

NARRATION (Hazel): I don't know about that, I just know that Mance had to spend so much time tending to me, weren't no way we could bring our garden in like usual.

NARRATION (Hazel): Now we gotta figure something else out, unless we wanna starve.

- 6.3) Tighter on Mance, smoking, staring off into nothing, mulling over his troubles. We can read a certificate framed on the wall:

PRESENTED TO RANGER MANCE BOAZ
BY THE STATE OF SOUTH DAKOTA
IN APPRECIATION OF 35 YEARS OF SERVICE
TO THE BADLANDS NATIONAL PARK

NARRATION (Mance): I get a little bit a' pension from the government. Some social security too. Enough to pay off a gas heater and a septic tank, to buy Hazel's medicine and get a few groceries here and there.

NARRATION (Mance): When times are good, I hide away a bit of pipe tobacco. Only sneak a puff now and then, so Hazel don't know.

- 6.4) Tight on Hazel, sewing, wrinkling her nose at the horrible smell of the pipe.

NARRATION (Hazel): He thinks I don't know when he's smoking that stupid pipe, but the damn thing stinks up the whole house soon as he lights it up.

NARRATION (Hazel): He spends most nights in there with his arrowheads and old snakeskins, while I'm quilting. I sell a quilt here and

there, usually for just enough money to keep flowers on Jodie's grave every month.

6.5) Tighter on Mance, just on his face, still deep in thought.

NARRATION (Mance): It weren't no war that killed our boy. Just an accident, they said. The kind that happens all the time. Jeep flipped over and he died.

NARRATION (Mance): No medal or nothing for that. Just a folded-up flag. We keep it in the cedar chest.

6.6) Tighter on Hazel, just on her face, deep in thought.

NARRATION (Hazel): Everybody don't go out with a big bang, like in the paperbacks, specially not round here. We mostly just go with whimpers. Happens every day.

NARRATION (Hazel): But I ain't ready to start a' whimperin' just yet.

Page Seven

Six Panels

7.1) They're lying next to each other in bed, lights out, but they're both awake, both lost in their thoughts. For bed sheets, they have gorgeously patterned Star Quilts.

7.2) Same view. The whole room shakes as an Air Force jet roars overhead. They don't even seem to notice.

SFX: RRRUUUMMBBLE

7.3) Same view. They're talking, but both still seem distracted by their own thoughts.

HAZEL: F-22?

MANCE: B-1 Lancer.

NARRATION (Mance): Air Force jet outta Ellsworth, near Rapid City. A day don't go by around here without them buzzing overhead on some training mission, sometimes so low it'll rattle your fillings. We ain't talking about what we really wanna talk about.

7.4) Same view. Both looking away from the other, both troubled.

NARRATION (Hazel): We ain't got enough food, and we both know it.

NARRATION (Mance): We ain't got enough food and ain't got no money. There ain't but one thing to do.

7.5) Same view. Hazel glances over at her husband, as if quietly willing him to say what's on both their minds.

NARRATION (Hazel): There ain't no shame in it. People do it every day. And we ain't got no choice.

NARRATION (Mance): Ain't got no choice. I just don't wanna say it.

NARRATION (Hazel): You're gonna have to go into town. Just say it.

7.6) Same view. Mance breaks the silence, speaking without looking over at his wife, speaking nonchalantly, like it's no big deal. She relaxes, glad it's finally said.

MANCE: Reckon I'll go into town tomorrow.

Page Eight

Six Panels

- 8.1) Hazel is still staring over at her husband. He's looking away, feeling ashamed, feeling like this is all a big blow to his pride.

NARRATION (Hazel): Tell him it'll be all right, that's what he wants to hear. Tell him you ain't ashamed.

NARRATION (Mance): She's ashamed. This is my fault.

HAZEL: You're a good man, Mance. You've always taken care of us. You ain't got nothin' to be ashamed of.

- 8.2) Mance looks over at her, putting on a fake little smile.

MANCE: Thank ya, momma.

NARRATION (Mance): What about next year, though?

NARRATION (Hazel): Next year will be different. We'll get back on our feet.

NARRATION (Mance): Can we ever get back on our feet again?

- 8.3) Mance looks away again, fraught with worry, but trying not to show it.

NARRATION (Hazel): It'll be like it was before.

NARRATION (Mance): Won't never be like it was before. We're too old.

NARRATION (Hazel): He's worrying. Reach out to him.

- 8.4) She reaches out, hugging him, nuzzling her face against his shoulder, just a tender, loving embrace between two people who've been through so much together.

- 8.5) She's still hugging him, looking up at him. He touches her hand, looking back at her. Nothing but love in their eyes.

NARRATION (Mance): I'll do what I gotta do.

NARRATION (Hazel): I love you.

NARRATION (Mance): I'm a lucky man.

NARRATION (Hazel): It'll be all right.

NARRATION (Mance): It'll be all right.

- 8.6) They lie there together in silence, holding each other, two people with nothing in the world to rely on except each other.

Page Nine

Six Panels

9.1) Next morning, we see Mance's beat-up old car driving down the road, black smoke puffing out its tailpipe, passing a sign that reads: WELCOME TO THE TOWN OF PRAIRIE ROSE.

9.2) Mance is standing at the back of a line of people, all Native American. He looks uncomfortable, nervous, fidgety.

NARRATION (Mance): I get the propane tank filled and put some gas in the car. Pick up some buttermilk and stuff from the list momma give me. Pipe tobacco wasn't on it.

NARRATION (Mance): I get a haircut and catch up with the boys at the barber shop. And then I do something I ain't never done before.

9.3) Swing around. We see that Mance is waiting in line in front of a nondescript warehouse with a sign that reads PRAIRIE ROSE NUTRITION ASSISTANCE CENTER. There's a long line of Natives going in one door, and then Natives coming out another door carrying boxes loaded with groceries.

9.4) Inside the building, we're looking at the main window, like the counter at the DMV or something. A woman is typing on a computer, speaking without looking up at us.

WOMAN: Carrots, tomatoes or onions. Pick two.

MANCE (from off): Excuse me?

- 9.5) We see Mance standing at the window, talking to the woman, still feeling awkward. He's never done this before.

WOMAN: Two. Pick two of those.

MANCE: Um.... Just carrots, please.

WOMAN: Apples, oranges or grapefruit. Pick two.

- 9.6) Tight on Mance, very humble and appreciative.

MANCE: Apples.

WOMAN (from off): You can have two.

MANCE: Just apples will do, thanks.

Page Ten

Five Panels

10.1) We're looking straight on at Mance. A big box loaded with groceries now sits on the counter in front of him. All sorts of cans and boxes, all with generic black and white packaging. Next to the box lies a paper, and the woman is holding out a pen so Mance can sign. He's staring at the pen like he's afraid of it.

NARRATION (Mance): Canned peaches, canned beans, canned cranberry juice. Boxes of cereal and oatmeal. Cornmeal, butter and shortening. Sacks of rice. Bags of prunes. They set all that in front of me and tell me it's mine.

NARRATION (Mance): All I gotta do is sign.

10.2) Same view. Mance slowly, reluctantly takes the pen.

NARRATION (Mance): I've fasted for eight days and hung by hooks from a Sun Dance pole until my flesh tore.

NARRATION (Mance): I've killed snakes big enough to eat a baby and reeled in paddlefish the size of small cows. I killed a coyote once with nothing but a pocketknife.

NARRATION (Mance): I buried my only son and didn't cry.

10.3) Same view. Mance holds the pen, staring down at the paper, frozen, trying to swallow his pride.

NARRATION (Mance): But I ain't never done nothing as hard as this.

10.4) Same view. He's frozen, holding the pen, but he can't bring himself to sign.

10.5) He gives in. He signs.

Page Eleven

Five Panels

- 11.1) Mance comes walking out of the building carrying his box loaded with groceries. He seems a little surprised and embarrassed, still ashamed.

NARRATION (Mance): I walk out feeling like a criminal who's just been forced to confess to something.

- 11.2) He's loading it in his car.

NARRATION (Mance): To confess to being poor.

- 11.3) He's driving off, his car puffing black smoke.

NARRATION (Mance): But then I think about Hazel and our little home and all the ways God has blessed me.

- 11.4) He drives past a slick looking sign pointing toward the Crazy Horse Casino. It shows a smiling Chief Red Crow standing with his arms around a couple of showgirls and reads:

THIS WAY FOR

THE CRAZY HORSE CASINO

NOW FEATURING 24 HOUR POKER ROOMS

AND DON'T MISS THE SIOUX SHOWGIRLS, PERFORMING DAILY

In the direction the sign points, we can see the road backed up with cars and maybe catch a glimpse of the big gleaming casino in the distance.

- 11.5) Mance's car heads on down the lonely road, heading off into the middle of nowhere.

NARRATION (Mance): And I finish my drive feeling like a very rich man.

Page Twelve

Five Panels

12.1) Cut to Winter. Same time period as page one. We see the Boaz home in the Badlands, everything covered with deep snow.

12.2) Tighter on the house. Smoke drifts from the chimney. Mance is trudging through the snow, wearing a heavy coat and hood, carrying an axe, firewood bound to his back.

12.3) He's coming into the house, stomping the snow off his boots on the rug, firewood left outside. There's a fire burning in the fireplace. The house looks warm and cozy.

MANCE: Hazel? I got the firewood.

12.4) Mance is walking into the kitchen, looking around for his wife. Food is bubbling on the stove.

MANCE: Something sure smells good.

MANCE: Hazel? Where are you?

12.5) He turns the corner and sees her lying on the floor, holding her side, writhing in pain.

MANCE: Hazel!

Page Thirteen

Five Panels

13.1) Hazel is in bed, sweating, feverish. Mance stands over her, putting a cold wash cloth on her forehead, looking worried.

NARRATION (Mance): It's her kidneys again.

13.2) Mance leans down over her, talking to her. She grumbles, weak but still feisty.

NARRATION (Mance): Medicine man come from
Rosewood last fall, give her some
packets of herbs to drink in a hot tea
when she was feeling poorly. Them's all
gone.

NARRATION (Mance): I shoulda made her go to the
hospital.

MANCE: Hazel...

HAZEL: No.

13.3) Mance gently touches her shoulder, trying to calm her.

NARRATION (Hazel): My momma died in the hospital, and it
was a cold and miserable way to go. She
had fluid in her lungs and I had to sit
there and watch her drown in it, in a bed
that wasn't hers, surrounded by people
she didn't know.

NARRATION (Hazel): She was terrified and ashamed.

MANCE: I ain't gonna argue with you.

13.4) Mance steps away from the bed, looking back as he heads for the door.

NARRATION (Hazel):I ain't gonna die in no hospital. I'll die in
my own bed...

MANCE: I'm going to town. Gonna bring you
back some medicine.

NARRATION (Hazel):Or I'll die on my feet, trying to get there.

HAZEL (from off): All right...

13.5) Hazel is pushing the covers back, getting out of bed, still in pain
but determined, stubborn.

HAZEL: But I'm coming with ya.

Page Fourteen

Six Panels

- 14.1) They're both in the car, driving through the snow, both looking straight ahead, lost in their own thoughts. Mance is driving. Hazel is bundled in a blanket, trying to hide how in pain she is.

NARRATION (Mance): Ain't no sense in arguing with the woman. I learned that a long time ago.

NARRATION (Hazel): When we were young, we used to take drives all the time. We'd go up to Red Shirt Table with just a blanket and a jug of moonshine, lay beside French Creek.

NARRATION (Hazel): That's where we first made love.

- 14.2) Same view. Still driving, not talking.

NARRATION (Hazel): First time we did it, he was on top of me, doing his duty, and I looked up at him and just blurted out, "I think I'm falling in love with you."

NARRATION (Hazel): He paused for a second, all befuddled and said, "Let's not rush into anything."

NARRATION (Hazel): But three days later on that very same spot, he asked me to marry him.

- 14.3) Same view. Still driving, not talking.

NARRATION (Hazel): We used to go for drives all the time back then. Now we never drive anywhere, except to town now and then for supplies. And to funerals. Always lots of funerals.

14.4) Same view. The cars shakes, just like their bedroom in panel 7.2. Another jet is flying overhead. Again, they don't even seem to notice.

SFX: RRRUUUMMBBLE

14.5) Same view. The rumble has faded.

MANCE: F-22?

HAZEL: F-35.

14.6) Same view. Just driving, not talking. Mance is concentrating on the road, squinting, straining to see. Hazel is huddled up with her blanket.

NARRATION (Hazel): When did we get so old?

Page Fifteen

Five Panels

15.1) Very tight on the car's engine, smoking. Maybe we're so tight we can't even tell exactly what we're looking at yet.

NARRATION (Mance): We make it into town and get to the drugstore just as the pharmacist is locking up. He takes one look at Hazel and opens back up.

15.2) Pull back. We can tell it's an engine now, with black smoke pouring out.

NARRATION (Mance): We get some medicine in her and sit there in the parking lot with the heater blowing, listening to old cowboy songs on the radio.

NARRATION (Mance): After a bit, the color comes back into her cheeks and she tells me, "Let's go home."

15.3) Pull back more. We see the car hood up and Mance standing there, peering down at the smoking engine, helpless, dejected.

NARRATION (Mance): We're a mile down Wolf Creek Road when the engine stalls.

15.4) Tight on Mance, peering back toward the front seat, toward Hazel, trying to hide his worry.

NARRATION (Mance): No cell phones out here. No other house for miles. We ain't got no choice as to what to do next.

15.5) Hazel is getting out of the car, blanket wrapped tight about her, grumbling.

HAZEL: This is why I keep extra quilts in the trunk. Let's go.

Page Sixteen

Five Panels

16.1) Mance and Hazel are trudging through the snow, looking like they're about to collapse. This is about where we first started back on page 1.

NARRATION (Mance): We walk 'til we can't feel our feet no more. We walk 'til our breath burns.

NARRATION (Mance): And then we walk some more.

MANCE: Maybe... it's not such a bad idea... living close to town... after all.

16.2) Hazel collapses, just like panel 1.3

MANCE: Hazel!

16.3) Mance is kneeling over her, trying to pull her up.

MANCE: C'mon, we gotta get up, gotta get moving. We're almost there.

MANCE: We're almost home.

16.4) Tight on Hazel, shivering, looking like she's about dead.

HAZEL: So cold... Mance... Mance...

HAZEL: I'm scared.

16.5) Tight on Mance, leaning down, getting right in her face, intense.

MANCE: Look at me, Hazel. Look at me.

MANCE: Do I look scared? I ain't. You know
why?

Page Seventeen

Six Panels

17.1) She seems to be fading, her eyes fluttering closed. He's shaking her.

MANCE: You remember the first time we made love? Hazel!

HAZEL (weakly): What?

MANCE: Listen to me. You remember the first time we ever made love, don't ya?

17.2) Mance is shaking her, trying to rub life back into her, starting to cry.

MANCE: You ought to. You blurted out right in the middle of it. "I think I'm falling in love with you." You remember that?

MANCE: And what did I say? "Let's not rush into anything," that's what I said. Ever the suave one, that's me.

17.3) Hazel looks like she's almost totally out of it, eyes just barely open.

MANCE: Now you did spring that on me when I wasn't necessarily in the right frame of mind. But you know why I really didn't know what to say?

MANCE: It's because I was scared.

17.4) Tight on Mance, wiping frozen tears away from his eyes.

MANCE: Scared of growing up, I guess. Took me a day or so to get over that. That's when I realized I loved you.

MANCE: I loved you and if you loved me, then I figured that'd take us about as far as we ever wanted to go.

17.5) Hazel's eyes are fluttering open, a little life coming back into her. Mance is starting to lift her up.

MANCE: I ain't never been scared of nothing since.

MANCE: And I damn sure ain't afraid of a little bit of snow.

17.6) He's lifting her up to her feet again, straining, crying. She's coming back to her senses again.

MANCE: So get up. Get up, Hazel, and let's go home.

Page Eighteen

Six Panels

18.1) They're trudging through the snow again, Hazel still looking like she can barely move.

18.2) They're trudging along, arms around each other. Mance is looking over at her, grinning a bit.

MANCE: Boy, I'm starving. You know you're gonna have to cook me some supper, soon as we get home, right?

18.3) Hazel manages to put on a weak little grin.

HAZEL (weakly): You can make... your own supper.

18.4) Mance's grin gets bigger as they continue to trudge along.

HAZEL (weakly): I just... wanna build... the biggest damn fire... you ever seen.

MANCE: Ha! Now you're talking.

18.5) Mance is looking up at something off-panel, smiling. Hazel is struggling to look up.

MANCE: Hazel...

MANCE: Hazel, look. You see it?

18.6) From over their shoulders, we see their house. Smoke coming from the chimney. Looking like a warm little paradise amid all this darkness and snow.

Page Nineteen

Five Panels

19.1) Hazel is looking up. They're both smiling now.

MANCE: We made it, Hazel. Let's go get that fire started.

19.2) The ground starts to shake. Hazel and Mance are both surprised.

SFX: RRRUUUMMBBLE

19.3) Things are still shaking. Mance is looking up, looking all around, starting to push Hazel back, sensing that something is out of the ordinary here.

SFX: RRRUUUMMBBLE

HAZEL (weakly): Goodness... that one sounds awful low...

19.4) A jet comes swooping in, clipping the treetops, headed right at them, out of control, crashing. The jet is an F-35:

http://cimg.163.com/news/0503/24/f-35_d07.jpg

<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/F-35>

SFX: WWWWHHHHRRRRRR

19.5) The jet crashes into their house, exploding, blowing Mance and Hazel to the ground.

SFX: WHOOOOOOM

Page Twenty

Five Panels

20.1) Aftermath of the crash. The burning wreckage of their house is scattered everywhere, as well as wreckage from the plane.

NARRATION (Mance): It was an F-35. Pilot no older than our son Jodie when he died.

20.2) Mance and Hazel are both face down in the snow, unconscious, surrounded by chunks of burning debris.

NARRATION (Hazel): Just an accident. The kind that happens all the time.

20.3) Tighter on them, on Mance's hand moving.

NARRATION (Mance): They heard the blast for miles around. Air Force got there before anybody else did though.

NARRATION (Hazel): The young pilot didn't make it.

NARRATION (Mance): And we were barely hanging on.

20.4) Both their hands are moving, barely, reaching for each other.

NARRATION (Hazel): First thing I remember is waking up in the hospital, all stuck full a' tubes.

NARRATION (Mance): First thing I remember is Hazel waking me up in the hospital, saying we had to get outta there, that she didn't wanna die in no hospital.

NARRATION (Mance): But we didn't die.

20.5) Tight on their fingers touching.

NARRATION (Hazel): Not that day.

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Five Panels

21.1) Morning. Tight on Mance and Hazel holding hands. They both have bandages on their arms.

NARRATION (Mance): They patched us up. I got more screws put in my leg and my arm, so nowadays I'm about as much metal as I am man.

NARRATION (Hazel): And they got my kidney problem under control, so I'm pert near good as new.

21.2) Pull back. They're sitting next to each other, holding hands, looking at something Mance is holding up. They both have bandages here and there, from the wounds and burns they got during the plane crash. But otherwise they look to be in great health. They're both smiling.

NARRATION (Mance): When we got out the hospital, the Air Force give us a buncha money and our friends all started trying to help us find a nice new place near town.

NARRATION (Hazel): They said that plane hittin' our house was God's way of telling us we needed to move.

21.3) Pull back more. We see they're looking at blueprints for a new house.

NARRATION (Hazel): We say it was only God's way of telling us we needed a new house.

21.4) Keep pulling back. They're sitting on a big pile of boards, which their new house will be built from. They're right in front of the burned remains of their old house.

NARRATION (Hazel): Besides, if God really wanted to tell us something important, we woulda heard him already, as quiet as it gets out here.

NARRATION (Mance): Some folks say it gets so quiet sometimes you can hear the earth a' turning.

21.5) Pull back more, pulling up into the air.

NARRATION (Hazel): We wouldn't know though.

Page Twenty-Two

Splash Page

Same sort of image as page 3. We see Mance and Hazel still sitting there, looking out at where their new house will go. And unlike page 3, this is Spring, so the Badlands are more green and beautiful, alive with flowers, with colors, with hope.

NARRATION (Mance): We ain't never known it to turn.